



SOCIETY and PERSONAL ACTIVITIES of WOMEN



DENY SHORTAGE OF THREAD IN RUSSIA

Other Household Articles Also Plentiful; Cloth of Inferior Quality.

PETROGRAD, Nov. 12.—The cry that Russia was wholly without needles, pins and thread was apparently without foundation. The abolition of domestic trade restrictions has produced a great quantity of such articles in Russian market stalls. They are of Russian, English, German and American manufacture. Much of this supply was doubtless hoarded and could be had secretly before free trade was inaugurated.

Darning cotton and wool, hooks and eyes, hairpins, combs, brushes, buttons and other notions are also offered freely but at high prices in comparison with the markets of western Europe.

Cloth is scarce and apparently of inferior quality. Market stalls seldom have more than a few yards of any sort of cotton or woolen fabrics. Porcelain is also scarce.

The only really good table silver and porcelain is in the hands of hundreds of reduced gentfolk who stand in queues about the public markets and offer their household belongings for the rubles necessary to buy black bread at 3,000 rubles for a Russian pound of 16 ounces. Every conceivable household article and every sort of garment can be bought in these queues.

Chairs, chandeliers, lamps, stoves, carpets, rugs, saddles, trunks, beds, graphophones, bicycles, pots, pans, kettles, table linen, fur coats, boots, evening gowns and every sort of wearing apparel are offered for sale by their owners in these queues. Endless lines of second-hand dealers and individuals requiring wares pass along these queues, asking prices and offering cash or barter.

WOMAN SECRETARY LAUDS 1921 GIRLS

By RUTH AGNES ABELING.

CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 12.—"Why, there's nothing at all the matter with modern girls, unless it is that they aren't appreciated quite enough!"

That from a woman who is with girls all day long; from a woman who knows that they roll down their stockings and hem up their dresses, slip out of back doors after "light" even scampers down fire escapes and forget the hour they promised to be in.

It was Mrs. Grace Conger, home secretary of the Cleveland Y. W. C. A., who said it.

"You know, I think girls are wonderful!" she continued. "They can do ten things today where a few years ago they couldn't do anything."

"They are really making sane use of the freedom they have been given—or which they wrested from the hands of their elders!"

"I remember when I stayed at this Y. W. myself," Mrs. Conger smiled.



MRS. GRACE CONGER.

Reminiscence, with her colorful voice and vital, youthful face, is amusingly incongruous.

"It was rather a quiet place, as we went on, and evenings we were all shrouded in to prayer meetings."

"Now-a-days our—don't like the word uplift—but anyway, our spiritually constructive work is done so much more attractively. Camp fires, walks in the woods, swimming—it's all so interwoven with the spiritual that separation is impossible."

"And you'd be surprised at the really high ideals and fine ideas the average employed girl has." It was still the voice of this woman who knows girls so well.

"Quite a while ago a little girl—one of the real flapper type, pretty and attractive, but no one would imagine she had any terribly serious ideas, was having a little financial trouble."

"She came to talk it over one afternoon—do you know that she had everything, every cent she spent down in a little book?" There was a world of admiration for the little unnamed girl in Mrs. Conger's tone. "And she had worked out a plan by which, paying just a little more than her weekly expenses on everything, she'd gradually get out of debt."

"Since then I've been slower than ever to blame girls. I take it for granted they're trying and most of the time they are."

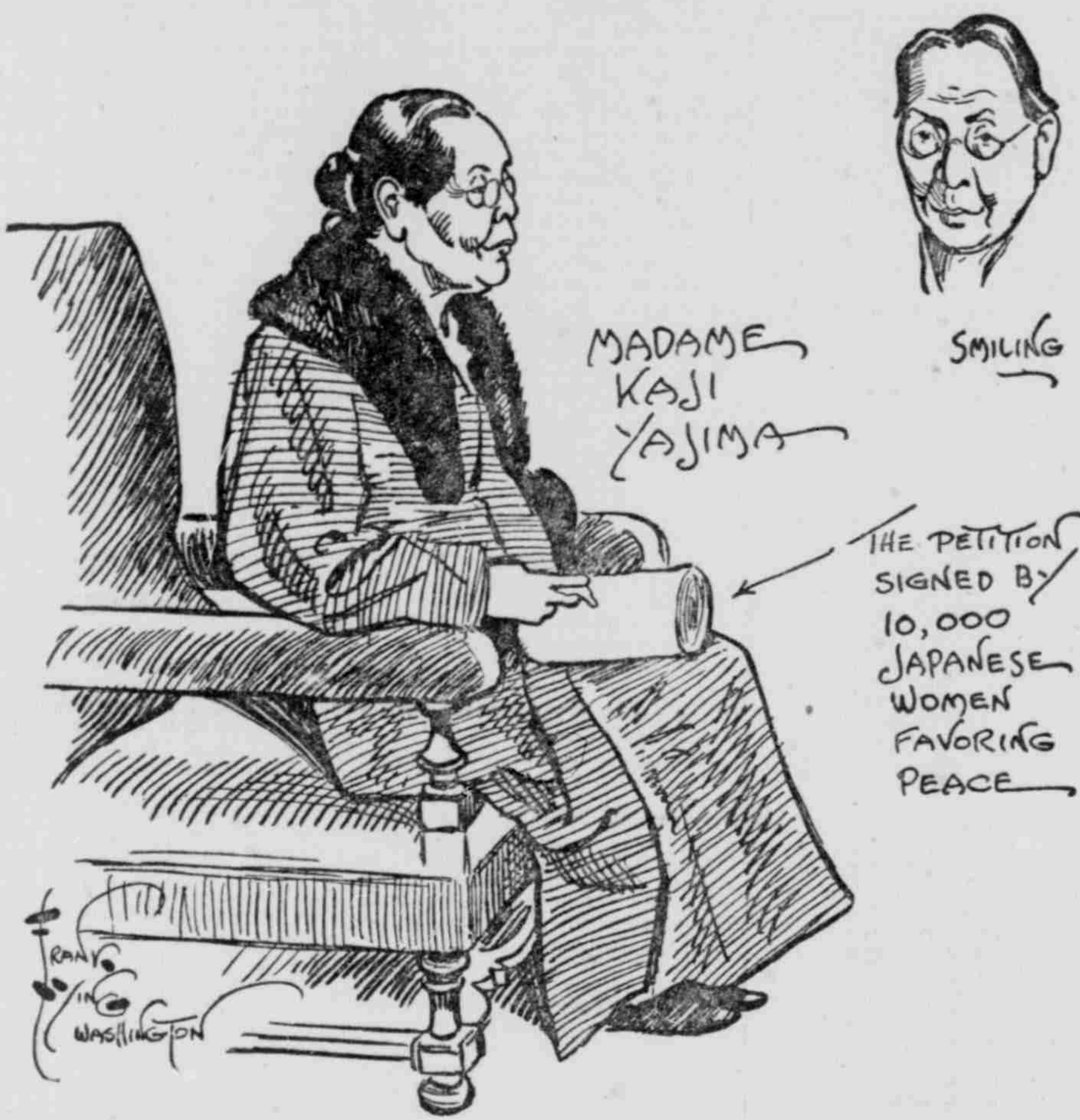
"They have a condition to face, in supporting themselves, that boys do not—there is a slight prejudice against them in certain lines of business, and then there's always the possibility that they will marry. That in a sense works against them."

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Kaji Yajima, Japanese Wonder Woman!



MADAME KAJI YAJIMA SMILING THE PETITION SIGNED BY 10,000 JAPANESE WOMEN FAVORING PEACE

By RUTH AGNES ABELING.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 12.—Grave, so grave. Head turned at a thoughtful angle. Always thoughtful, for Madame Kaji Yajima thinks with her head and—with her heart.

"I talk little," she broke one of her long silences with these low-spoken words. "Saved my strength for this."

She raised the thick roll of parchment paper her small hands were gripping. It was the precious roll, 100 yards long, bearing 10,000 Japanese women's names and praying for lasting peace.

"Then I can die." It came almost casually from the woman of 90. Yet Madame Yajima uses no meaningless phrases.

"I come to pray—quietly. When

that is over—I am finished." It might have been the end of a pleasant task of which she spoke.

Her plump little figure settled a bit into the softness of the big chair. Her long, loose robe, something like the material once known as mohair, bunched as her figure settled. But no nervous, personally conscious hands sought to smooth it. Madame's dress merely served a purpose—nothing more to her.

A hat she never wears. When the air is chill a little hood, hastily thrown on just as she steps out of the door, is her practical protection.

"Japanese women want education—not war. I come to say that. 'I am the luckiest woman in Japan for being able to come here.' Her feet were swinging ever so slightly.

questioned this afternoon, M. A. Amrine, warden, declined to discuss the affair.

Persons living at Lansing, who profess to be familiar with the case, declare that Inman, while a trustee at the prison disposed of \$2,000 worth of diamonds supposed to have been part of the Oklahoma city loot.

TAKING CARE OF THE BULBS

As the autumn frosts destroy the flowers and stalks on your bulbs, a better take them in, for they are rarely hardy and will not last into the next year if left in the ground. With a little digging prod carefully around them, loosening the ground so that you do not injure the bulb in taking it up.

After the dirt has been shaken from the bulb and it has dried in the sun, what remains of the top growth should be cut off a few inches above the roots, which should

then be packed upright in boxes of sand.

When they are planted again in the spring they should have moderately rich soil. Bone meal and well decayed stable manure thoroughly mixed with soil until the whole is free of lumps will make up for any chemical deficiencies which may exist.

The surface should be smooth and level. The bulbs should be planted about three times their own depth from the surface. For instance, a two-inch bulb should be planted six inches deep.

They should not be put in the ground until it has thoroughly warmed, which is generally sometime late in May.

THERE'S A DIFFERENCE.

"How long has Blitzer been married?" "Individually or collectively?"—LIFE.



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DESPITE WEALTH, HEIRESS LEAVES SOCIETY FOR TOIL

Adele Blood, Tiring of Life of Idleness, Returns to World of Work.

OAKLAND, Calif., Nov. 12.—Tiring of the whims and idleness of society Adele Blood of Alameda, "America's most beautiful blond," and heiress to the millions of Mrs. E. F. Holmes, the "silver queen," has returned to work.

Miss Blood was a choir girl in Oakland at the time of the earthquake and fire. She went east and won fame in "Everywoman" and other stage productions. "Idleness develops pessimism, but hard work brings optimism," she said, following the announcement of her decision to return to work in Los Angeles probably in the motion picture studios.

Following her success in the east, Miss Blood married Rev. Cader Russell Davis, her former pastor in

Oakland, who had gone east and become an actor to "uplift the stage and guard Adele against her own beauty." A divorce was obtained in 1915, and Davis was named in a suit for divorce brought by Frederick Eamilton Bryant against Louise Power Bryant, whose stage name was Gula Power.

Miss Blood became the protegee of Mrs. Holmes, a distant relative. Mrs. Holmes, whose income from silver had made her one of the richest women in the world, made Miss Blood her heiress in place of an adopted daughter, who had died. The actress went to live with Mrs. Holmes in America alone, her Salt Lake home. The place was the former home of Brigham Young's favorite wife, Amelia Folsom Young.

IN HIS GLORY. "The Pecktons had a burglar scare in their house last night. 'I noticed Peckton walking about town with his chest stuck out. Did he catch the burglar?' "No, but for the first time in 20 years he got a chance to issue some sharp commands to Mrs. Peckton that were meekly obeyed."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

HIS TALENT. North—How came Brown to be playing in movie comedies? West—He's a good runner!

SIX GENERATIONS



Five generations in one family are rare; six, almost unknown. But here we have them, left to right, Mrs. Elizabeth Rupp, great-great-grandmother; Mrs. Frank J. Ginder, grandmother of Baby Wilbur Rober, whom she is holding; Mrs. G. Rober, mother; Mrs. Sarah Miller, great-great-grandmother; and Mrs. Ellen Zug, great-grandmother. Mrs. Miller is now 103 years old, but still in good health, and lives at Neffsville Home, Philadelphia.

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Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday

Leather Rockers at 1/2 Price

A Solid Carload of Them

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\$24.85 Some Have Loose Cushions

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In the illustration at the left are shown six popular patterns from our stock of Chairs.

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